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BURMA NEWS



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THE BURMA NEWS

H. W. SMITH, *Editor.*

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No. 6

On Hinterland Trails

Out of the past twelve Sundays, I have spent three in the station and one of those was through a miscalculation. I only intended to be here the first and last.

On my long tour I met with varied experiences and passed through any amount of grand scenery. Myitkyina itself is lovely, but the regions beyond reveal an ever increasing and expanding picture of untamed natural beauty with new marvels at every stage. How all this scenic mountain and river road would be exploited and commercialized in America, but here it goes all unnoticed and for the most part unappreciated. Take the N'Mai Hka. What a "gorgeous" (literally) river that is! As its name in Kachin indicates, it is "no good" for navigation, and that is just what accounts for its picturesqueness. The great rocks and boulders in its bed, the rapids and cascades, and the numerous side streams that "zup" with it, sometimes with a rush and roar, and again more quietly, all contribute to its attractions. Along its banks you find stretches of lovely beaches, covered with the finest and whitest sand, and again its sides are formed of steep precipitous rocks where no landing is possible. I have a new ambition now. I want to see the N'Mai Hka in flood time. And just across this narrow stream lies the fascinating and forbidden "Triangle," with its tiers of moun-

tains dotted with numerous villages, to which, alas, I had no access.

Then for contrast, there was the no less beautiful but very rugged mountain scenery around Htawgaw. The climb to this spot is arduous in the extreme to dwellers in the plains. We had breakfasted at a delightful spot beside a rushing mountain stream whose clear, cold water was madly tumbling over and between the projecting rocks. From there we started climbing and kept on climbing, with shortened breath, aching limbs and stiffening knee-joints. Htawgaw rises to the not inconsiderable height of 6000 ft. at the inhabited portion, while the highest summit, which I, of course, had to achieve is 6500. That last bit is well worth doing. A wonderful panorama opens up on all sides from that vantage point. Deep gorges, isolated peaks and loftier ranges that look so tempting and are so inaccessible, burst upon your enchanted vision. It was from here that we got our first glimpse of snow-clad peaks on the 11th of April. And was it cold? I wore two wool sweaters with wool skirt, and shivered and shook like anything that evening going to the chapel. I slept under woollen blankets and down quilts and pitied the poor things who had only a few thin cotton rags to cover them.

Having climbed the Htawgaw mountain and having still further to go, we had to descend again down on

the other side thereof as is the manner of these trails, and so we traveled down for about three miles to another stream and bridge. As soon as we reached bottom, an entirely different sort of scenery met the eye. The valleys broadened out, at least in spots, the slopes were more gradual, making possible terraced rice fields which added variety to the scene. There is an absence of the dense jungle that is characteristic of the hither side of Htawgaw, here the mountain sides resemble more the pasture lands of the Swiss Alps and the groves of lovely pines were not missing nor the spring flowers, violets, daisies and even primulas were in evidence. The banks of the rivers and streams were ablaze with azaleas, lovely sight! Flowering trees and shrubs which to my sorrow I could not name had delighted the eye all along. Oh yes, rhododendron and orchids and in secluded shady dells many varieties of begonias begged to be gathered.

So much for the material attractions of this never-to-be-forgotten tour. This was all greatly enjoyed in passing, but unfortunately no one of my party was infected by my enthusiasm over the natural beauties of mountain, hill, and valley, of river, stream, and waterfall, of trees, shrubs, and flowers. When I tried to point these out to the native residents, they could not follow me and no doubt considered my ravings a mild form of madness that goes with white skin and must be tolerated and overlooked.

It was a real joy to meet with the scattered "Kāhpu Kānau nis" in their own homes and have services with them in their bamboo chapels. Wherever there were believers, we found a real Kachin welcome, though they were not always able to talk to us in that tongue. Their best was at our disposal and it was oftentimes pathetically touching to witness the attempts my hostesses made to show

me their love and appreciation of my visit but could not express vocally because of the language difficulties. Our travels took us into the Mārū and Lāshi Hill Tracts mostly, where but few talk Jinghpaw fluently and the majority of the women hardly know "Kāja i?" We had a young preacher with us who acted as interpreter in both foreign languages for Thra Ba Thaw and myself.

We managed to get to some villages where no missionary had ever been, not even Brother Geis. I was the first white woman the ordinary villagers in those parts had ever seen. The Christians, of course all had to shake my hand, it was mentioned as one of the privileges when they thanked us for coming. The women examined my clothing, compared color of skin, teeth, hair, etc. We also entered non-Christian villages and found something of a contrast in our reception. But we gave them the gospel message, realizing their need even though they did not. No brass band or picture show was needed to draw the people. As soon as I appeared the crowd gathered around me, and there was lively competition as to who could get the nearest, not always a desirable thing for me. I wish I could say that we found great interest and ready response to our message, but apathy and indifference characterized the audience. Many of them, when their curiosity as to the white woman was satisfied, drifted away and disappeared. However, we did sow the good seed and witnessed to our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and expressed our joy in song. We pray that the seed may have found some good soil and yield a harvest in due season.

I wish to say a word of testimony regarding our Christians. However much disappointment we may experience in their lack of spiritual growth, their meagerness of comprehension and their clinging to the tobacco and betel habit when caught too late

life, yet I have again had my eyes opened anew to the great difference between them and the untouched heathen! Their light may not be brilliant but they do have a gleam. And they do show evidence that they have passed from death unto life. And when I recall some of the really radiant souls we met in some of the far-off places, whose faces carry the imprint of the Spirit's indwelling, I count it a joy to have had the privilege of fellowshiping with them during these past weeks.

The loving kindness and efficient watchcare of our Heavenly Father was over us night and day. Though we were told of dire calamities likely to befall travelers in the hills in April by way of storms and breached roads and broken bridges and we had much overcast and cloudy weather, it was a remarkable fact that it never rained while we traveled until one day on our homeward march. My cook got actually boastful about it; if any one said it looks like rain, his reply was,

"Well it won't rain to-day because Mama is going to travel." And his faith was usually honored. Other difficulties were smoothed out for us at every turn, even government officials were made "ministering spirits," whether they would or not. And so we feel that the time spent was profitable for all and I, for one, wish I could do this every year.

Our school has reopened and we are swamped with girls. Day scholars and boarders combined make about fifty, we hardly know where to put them all. We are starting English this year. Our people would not be satisfied without so we are trying it with Ma Htu Raw, the Kachin college girl from Sinlum. My three months' leave of absence has expired and I shall be back in Rangoon ere it appears in print.

Hulda K. Smith.



"Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place."
— *Rabbi Hillel.*

Colportage in the Shan States

During April and May I have travelled fairly widely through the Shan States with two of our colporteurs. I had not contemplated writing another article for the "Burma News" so soon, but I gladly accept the invitation to do so, as it gives me an opportunity of expressing my thanks for many kindnesses received during my travels.

Maymyo was my first stopping place. Mr. Grigg opened his pulpit to me on Easter Sunday evening. There was heavy rain in Maymyo that night and a thunderstorm during which my car's predecessor (the Pontiac which used to belong to Mr. Sherratt), was curiously damaged by lightning. The hood, seats and upholstery were burnt to a cinder, but the tank containing eight gallons of petrol was undamaged and the engine so little affected that the car was driven next morning under its own power.

The rain made me a little doubtful of the wisdom of attempting to get through to Mogok by the newly opened road. Mr. Hanna had invited me to visit Mogok, and had kindly promised to arrange for a Bible Society meeting. A sunny morning gave me courage, and I made the attempt — successfully. The scenery along that road is magnificent, though the driver cannot give much attention to it. The road demands it all. It is a tiring drive, but will be much improved by next open season, if the road metal at present piled by the roadside is put to its proper use. Twenty miles short of Mogok there is a river to be crossed, but there is a reliable ferry and the crossing is simple. The road from the ferry to Mogok is marked in the guide-books as a "mule-track." This designation is accurate and most of the bridges are temporary affairs of bamboo with the usual warning notice to motorists.

I spent a most interesting day at

Mogok with Mr. Hanna as guide. I was sorry for his sake that his zeal in making arrangements for the meeting was not better rewarded, but heavy rain came on just at the wrong moment. After months of drought Mogok chose just that day to open its score for the year with a rainfall of three inches, which, incidentally, made the road back to Maymyo unsafe. A P. W. D. overseer reported landslides and fallen rock on the mule track. The return journey was ignominious. It is a humbling experience to set out on a journey in a car and bring it back on a steamer. There was, however, some compensation in finding that the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company had reduced its minimum charge for handling cars.

From Maymyo again I drove to Lashio, and there joined two of our colporteurs — Saya Ba Lin, a Shan, and a graduate of the Insein Seminary; and Saya Kham Pang, who works around Loilem under the supervision of Dr. Gibbens. I was on new ground here, but where there are Christians one is never stranded. Saya Po Saw, a retired Karen teacher, gave us hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Geis were similarly kind at Kutkai, and at Namkham I had the full use of the mission house though Dr. and Mrs. Seagrave were away when I arrived. I was amazed at the density of the population around Namkham. We were there on bazaar day and our stock of 300 gospels was soon gone. We could have sold a thousand. We had three good Bible Society meetings in Namkham, one in the Shan church, one for the hospital nurses, and one in the Kachin church. At these meetings Ba Lin had the best story of all to tell, and it was the more effective because it was personal experience. It is well-known, I think, in Baptist circles that he was once a Buddhist monk and became a Christian through picking up a rat-eaten copy of St. John's gospel and reading of "the Light of the World."

After his four years at the Seminary he was working under Mr. Grigg in the Northern Shan States when I first heard of him last year. Mr. Grigg very generously consented to release Saya Ba Lin to work for one year as a colporteur, but I am hoping that the time limit will be removed.

Returning from Namkham there was no occasion to linger on the way, as until we reached Lashio we had no books to sell. We stopped, however, at the 114th mile, that we might have the thrill of crossing the border into China. And when, just north of Kutkai, another Ford swung round a corner, we stopped to meet the Buker brothers and to take down an order for scriptures which they needed at Kengtung.

It was south of Lashio that the really strenuous colportage work began. We spent four days on the 200 miles between there and Loilem, stopping at every village, and stopping wherever travellers were halted by the wayside to sell gospels. The Shan language predominated, so I was handicapped, but the two colporteurs looked after the Shans and left to me the miscellaneous handful of Indian or Burmese speaking people. Kham Pang and I each sold about fifty books during the day. Ba Lin came in an easy first with 200, and those mostly Shan. The Shans are said to be one shade less responsive than the Burmans to the Christian message, and selling gospels to them is not easy. When, a day or two later, the Kengtung missionaries passed us again and heard of Ba Lin's good sales in Shan, they were impressed and asked that he should be allowed to pay a visit to their district.

Ba Lin has written out the first few verses of St. John's gospel in Shan poetry, and whenever he recites this in the sing-song of the monk which he learned in the days when he too wore the yellow robe, buyers come flocking round. One woman actually washed the coins which she

gave him for a gospel. And often the Shan women would hold the coins up to their foreheads whilst muttering a prayer before making the purchase, and when they received the books would repeat the act of reverence. But his masterpiece of salesmanship was in a house where a villainous looking Shan was having his breakfast. I should have been completely cowed by the man's first refusal, but not Ba Lin. For ten minutes he sat talking about the books and as he talked the hard face softened, and I could hardly believe my eyes when the wife took out some coins as though they would buy after all. Once they had made up their minds to buy, the purchase was no simple matter, to be transacted lightly. The man must first complete his meal and wash his hands. The coins were wrapped in paper, and together with what looked to me like popcorn, he put them in a lacquer bowl, and on top of them the books he wanted. When he knelt, and holding the bowl up above his bowed head he murmured a long prayer, the gist of which was: "May I have good health and long life. May all my plans succeed and all my journeyings end in safe arrival, and at the last may I come to Nirvana where there is peace."

These, and many of the Shan gospels we sold, especially those bought by elderly women who could not read, would probably be put up on the household shrines as objects of worship. Others, when the readers came across the name of "Yeshu," would be burned or torn up. But there is always hope of the seed falling on good soil.

We arrived early one morning at a country market. Ba Lin read out the Beatitudes and the women wanted to buy copies of St. Matthew. But it was slow work selling in that bazaar, for each woman insisted on having the Beatitudes read over again for her own especial benefit. It was not

enough that she had overheard them being read to her neighbour at the next stall.

Kham Pang called me to a house where he was selling books. The head of the family wanted us to stay the night there and preach to them. He would give us accommodation and food. We explained that our work was the selling of books, but he thought we were hedging, and tried by threats to make us stay. If we did not, he would write to the man at the head of our society and report that though we were preachers we had refused to preach when asked to do so.

We were glad of a day of rest on the Sunday, with no travelling and no book-selling. Just a "sabbath day's journey" from the Sawbwa's rest house where we were staying, to a Kachin village a mile away. Four years ago they became Christian and had had but little contact with white missionaries. Their own missionary was a Karen pastor, who visits them every month or two. Here were language difficulties again. None of us knew Kachin, but they knew Shan, so our two colporteurs both preached at the midday service in the village chapel. The keenness of those people was very touching. Four years ago none of them could read; now many of them can. Laboriously, and with help from the pastor on his monthly visits, they have taught themselves so that they can read their Bibles. When we came away they loaded us with eggs, and every man, woman and child of them shook hands with us. We were mistaken, though, in thinking that was "goodbye." They insisted on coming part of the way with us. Not only part, but all the way, and once at the rest house they had to be shown all the wonders of a motorcar, and a typewriter. I typed out for them a verse of a hymn from their Kachin hymn book, and when the verse had been passed round, and read aloud, and then sung as a duet

by two of the girls, I felt my part as host had been adequately filled and I slipped off to my camp cot and slept. Half an hour later I awoke to the strains of "Till we meet again." My first impulse was to go and join them, until I remembered how many verses the hymn had, and I let them sing it out before I went for a final bout of handshaking with the forty of them. But "Till we meet again" had only been, as it were, a church bell to call me, and we settled down to another long hymn and long prayers. Then the handshaking and with many backward lookings, and urging us never to pass on that road without visiting them, they went home. For them, it had been a sabbath of sabbaths. For me, there was amusement and sadness all strangely mixed up in that day, but more, much more. It was like a voice audibly repeating and reaffirming all God's promises that "My Word shall not return unto me void," and "Where two or three are gathered together there am I." It meant a strengthening of the faith, and when I am doubting or disheartened I shall think of those Kachins.

And so on the fourth day we came to Loilem, and the comforts of Dr. Gibbens' house. That evening we listened to London's broadcast of Jubilee celebrations. The local celebrations I had missed; I had spent May 6 selling the "Word" to His Majesty's loyal subjects.

On the following Sunday I was at Kalaw for Bible Society services, and from there went to Taunggyi where Mrs. Heptonstall had most kindly arranged a Bible Society garden party. The next day I drove down to Loikaw, taking the colporteurs who sold books in villages on the way. Mr. and Mrs. Raney gave us a cordial welcome and opportunities of talking about our work. Mr. Raney had made plans for a visit to a Padaung village but two and a half inches of rain during the night not only made that impossible but set us wondering

when the road would be firm enough to take us back. We had to be content with photographs of the Red Karens in Loikaw bazaar, and then the rain held off long enough to dry the road to Taunggyi.

H. C. Willans,



Kutkai — Kachin

At Kutkai we have been busy making history, but had little time to record it. It is quite a problem these days, with the decreasing number of missionaries, and expanding work demanding increasing supervision, to make the right adjustment. The great problem which arose in the Kachin Mission was how to provide for Namhkam when Mr. Sword went on furlough. The Committee of Reference appointed a sub-committee to solve the problem. The final outcome is that, though Miss Peter was not willing to go to Namhkam, she was found willing to come to Kutkai and take over the business end of twenty-one jungle schools, with thirty-two teachers, and the long-distance supervision of the Namhkam School. You have all heard me rave over the wonders of Kutkai, and its invigorating climate, and under these conditions I am sure the best results possible will be accomplished. We paid a short visit to Namhkam the beginning of May to see the opening of the school, and found the compound in its old-time well ordered condition, and the teachers and pupils all attending to their various activities, as if the missionary were on the spot. Owing to the temporary bamboo bridges, which are about worn out by this time, this will be our only visit until the Bible Class Meeting in October.

Since our arrival home on the 11th of April, we have had many of our friends come to Kutkai, to enjoy with us, even though for only a short time, the delights of this place. When the guest room was full, we used the

arage, and on one occasion the girls' dormitory also. The following have been our visitors: Dr. Chaney, Mr. Weeks, the Dickason brothers, U Po Tee, Ma Stella, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Wilkins, Miss Laura Johnson, Ma Ohn Yi, the Buker Twins, Major Brooks, Miss Baily and Miss Knapp from India, Roger Cummings, Daw Ma Lya May, Miss Craft and Miss Crane.

The Bible Training School opened on the 22nd of May, and we now have nine girls and thirteen boys. A few more are expected. I teach three periods a day, and Mrs. Geis has the last period of the day for music and memory work. During the vacation months some of last year's pupils were employed by their own associations, and in that time they visited about one hundred and fifty villages. In the light of these experiences they will appreciate this year's work all the more.

The last Sunday in May we had in Kutkai the usual monthly gathering of the churches within a radius of ten miles, at which time nine women and eight men were added to the church by baptism. We received an urgent call from Mr. Heptonstall and Dr. Gibbens to send a qualified preacher to a place called Mung-Yai, which is many miles south of Lashio, where twenty odd Kachins are ready for baptism. This place has been previously visited by the Namhkam teachers, and Mr. Sword was there so at least once. In the absence of an ordained man, it was decided at this meeting to send one of the elders with an older pupil of the Bible school, to take care of these new converts and to baptise them if found ready.

The demands of the work and its prospects have never been brighter and more promising, calling forth all the experiences of the past to bear on present opportunities.

Geo. J. Geis.

Economics

During our rather protracted furlough I have become as full of ideas for the college and mission as the proverbial canine is of insect guests. Even the arrival of the quarterly "Gloom Sheet" from New York, telling of the financial situation, can't prevent me from sharing with you a visit to the Sawston "Village College."

I was lucky enough to be fishing with the Cambridgeshire Department of Education for an invitation at the time H. M.'s Inspector of Schools was going that way, and hence the *Burra Sahib* of the D. of E. went along as well, and glowed with enthusiasm over this "model" project, after showing the Inspector one of the three new village sites on which similar "colleges" will be erected.

One principle of the school is that of "consolidation" of the last three years of compulsory school work in one central village instead of in ten separate ones. Instead of relying mainly on motor buses to bring children in, as in America, the County Council furnishes bicycles to the children. However, the chief feature of the school is its very distinct rural and mechanical bias, definitely aimed at counteracting the city-ward drift of the most capable and imaginative youngsters. To this end the eleven and twelve year old students spend three and a half days per week on "literary" subjects and one and a half on gardening, blacksmithing, cabinet making and woodwork and motor repairing or (in the case of girls) domestic science. The thirteen-to-fourteen-year-olds spend three and two days on literary and practical subjects. We saw most of the 310 children sit down in the large dining hall (which is also gymnasium and assembly hall) to a two-and-a-half-pence (five cents) meal prepared by the girls in that day's domestic science class. I was interested to note that

the boarding master said grace before the meal.

More unique than the curriculum with its bias toward "practical" subjects was the adult education. One of the two wings was given up to this work, consisting of a splendid library, a hygiene-dispensary room, an "agricultural education" room, and a common room. The latter was decorated very artistically, and in a manner which differed decidedly from that of the ordinary classroom. This decoration was an important item, for it kept the adults from feeling that they once more put themselves *in statu pupillari* by returning to schools. The Board of Extra Mural Studies of Cambridge University sends teachers who conduct occasional classes on a variety of subjects, in this room. Drama, the prize-winning "College Choir," First Aid, a Discussion Society on Horticulture, Woodwork, Engineering, Needlework, Home Crafts and Cookery are the chief items in the program of adult education.

The "Warden" who is in charge of both ordinary school and adult education is obviously a man of great ability, although his teachers did not seem to be exceptionally gifted.

Of course I could not help wondering, on seeing this highly successful project, what developments we might make along similar lines in Burma. I believe the Conference recommended some time ago that adult recreation and educational work be experimented within some of our schools. One thing obviously necessary is that the schools should either expect the adults to sit on the floor or provide larger chairs, whether a separate and more "grown-up" appearing room could be provided or not. I wonder if music, dramatics, debates and discussions could not be conducted in most district headquarters with volunteer help and with practically no out-of-pocket expense. Possibly the college might, on invitation, do some-

thing of the nature of "Extra-Mural Delegacy" as the Oxford University extension courses are called. The chief difficulty here is that we do not have innumerable possible audiences within an hour's motor journey of the college, as the Oxford and Cambridge extensionists have.

Last week Mrs. Scherling's sister, who is connected with the Cambridge-shire Technical Institute took us to see an exhibition of that institution's work. Here, for instance, we saw a large class of women village school teachers engaged in woodwork, learning to instruct their charges in this subject. Work here was also of a definitely "practical" nature, with few "literary" subjects but with such added items as commercial art and typing.

Last month we made a trip on our "push cycles" (try some hilly country with one, and you'll see why the English name them thusly to Oxford and other points. Aside from the Sawston experiment Oxford is doing more in the way of rural reconstruction than Cambridge, but won't burden you with a recital.

We have had a grand furlough even though Margaret hasn't enjoyed moving from one place to another every two months or so. We expect to start our last move on May 1, and arrive in Rangoon June 2. From this distance in time and space the joys of fellowship and of our chosen tasks far outweigh the heat, and even the "Gloom Sheet" and make us eager to start our second term of service.

J. Russell Andrus



Reflecting His Beauty

Remember, if the Holy Spirit is in you: all His fulness, He will manifest out from you the beauty and the radiance and the glory of the Lord Jesus. And there is nothing this old world is longing for more than that, that men and women may see the beauty of Jesus reflected in us.

J. R. S. Wilson

The Year's Review at Pyinmana

The Pyinmana Agricultural School reopened on May 22 and, with nearly eighty students already here, the enrolment promises to be more than for some years. Ten of our new students are Kachins showing a marked increase from these hill people. The students returning from their vacation tell thrilling stories of how they have gone out and proclaimed the good news of a new and better day for village life in their home districts.

The Annual Report to Government took much of the past month, and a review of the year's work brings out many things of interest. During these first twelve years of the school 458 have enrolled and 110 graduated from the four years course, and 89.2 per cent of the graduates have taken up some form of work directly serving rural communities. The farm had a year of well distributed rainfall and most of the crops did well. The rice crop gave the highest return per acre we have ever had with 3280 baskets from 59 acres. The sugar cane being sold to a sugar factory at Zeyawady for the first time gave a good profit. The American Murdock maize and Behrum Soy bean have done very well and given good profits during the rains. Linseed was tried for the first time during the cold season and is fairly promising.

Eight new varieties of grapes and four of oranges were introduced successfully by parcel post from the Armstrong Nurseries of California and have started a good growth. This opens up new possibilities for improved fruits, as varieties tested and found suitable for Burma can now be readily shipped by post.

The Indian Nagpur orange has fruited well and is being budded on the Sour Sweetlime (Shauk Chin). Pruning of the guava greatly increases its yield and the seedless variety is popular. Grape vines grow

well if well drained during the rains and watered in the dry season, but must be pruned in October after the rains are over. The Cashew nut tree grows on gravelly hills where most other fruit trees will not do well and seeds are being distributed.

There has been a large increase in the number of pigs wanted for breeding and last year 164 were sold. The Berkshire is especially popular.

A comparison of the laying habits of different breeds of poultry at Pyinmana for the past four years showed that during the dry hot months of March, April and May the White Leghorn did best with an average total of 35.2 eggs as compared with 28.0 for Barred Rocks and 25.0 for Rhode Island Reds. During the rainy season months of August, September and October when birds are also usually moulting, the White Leghorn did poorest with an average total of 7 eggs and the Barred Rock did best with 13.4 eggs and the Rhode Island Red next with 8.7 eggs. In the cold season the Barred Rocks did best, laying much better than the White Leghorns.

The "Ranikhet" disease of poultry although rampant in the neighborhood has been kept away from our birds by allowing no big trees near the poultry yards and keeping all feed inside the poultry houses so as not to attract crows which are carriers of the disease. If big trees are near, putting roofs over the poultry yards will keep away the disease. Also outside fowls must not be allowed near.

In the extension department the sale of eggs has increased to over 4000 a week and five graduates of the school are employed in the work. Two co-operative poultry societies and a Village Industrial Co-operative Bank have been established during the year. A supervisor of farm demonstrations has been engaged to direct our former students and others in carrying on demonstrations of im-

proved practice in the villages, where special attention is being given to growing substitute crops for paddy on the higher land, and the growing of early varieties of paddy to be followed by a crop of beans. Through this department the school continues its contact with those it has trained. They can feel this is a school which they never leave, but only transfer their activities from Pyinmana to projects at their home farms and villages.

Brayton C. Case.



The New Hospital in the Kokang

I have just come back from a trip into the Kokang to help Dr. Daniels, my last year's assistant, open a new A. B. M. Hospital there. This is the fourth of our Namkham A. B. M. In-patient hospitals. Besides this and the Harper Memorial, we have two, one at N'Bapa twenty-five miles west in the Kachin mountains, and one in Mong Paw forty miles north-east in North Hsenwi, both of them well off the motor roads, and both run by graduate nurses, but taking *in*, as well as, *out*-patients. This Kokang Hospital is the first subsidiary doctor-run hospital.

We got up at one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the seventh of May, and were off at 2 a.m., thereby proving that if there is any possibly conceivable reason for doing so, a Shan Missionary can get up as early or even earlier than the much vaunted missionaries of the Kachin mission. We had a lovely cool drive to Kutkai, doing the eighty miles in six hours, thereby again proving that Shan missionaries are certainly not the rash speed fiends they are reputed to be. At Kutkai we put two Kachin state policemen into the already full car, and with their guns and dahs projecting from all sorts of peculiar places, we began to look an armored tank instead of a second hand Buick.

At Hsenwi we were lucky enough to have a conference with the Myosa of Kokang who was in celebrating the King's Jubilee. He proved to be very enthusiastic about the hospital and gave us an order in Chinese on his younger brother to procure for us all the wooden posts, bamboo, thatch and coolies gratis that we might need for construction purposes. We were able to go more than 27 miles beyond Hsenwi towards the Salween by car, but not having been informed of this fact we had ordered our horses and mules to wait only twenty miles from Hsenwi. So we left the car with one policeman in charge, and after a most unappetizing breakfast we started off on the ten miles between us and the first bungalow. Thus far we had been ascending from Hsenwi, the valley of the Namtu river (Myitnge in Burmese). The first hut which passed as a bungalow was over the brow of the divide between the valley of the Namtu which empties into the Irrawadi, and that of the Namhsa which empties into the Salween.

The next day we went twenty-six miles down the valley of the Namhsa on a brand new mule road which is probably the best in Burma as it was surfaced over its whole stretch with either gravel or bamboo corduroy. The road is right along the bank of the Namhsa which means "River Pleasant" and lived up to its name. The jungle is so virgin — there isn't a single village until you reach the Salween in the late afternoon.

We crossed the Salween that night and slept in Kokang territory. The ferry is the famous Kunlong Ferry that the Northern Shan States Railway was originally supposed to reach but didn't. It is the ferry that the Youngs cross to get to Mong Mong from Lashio — though they got there by another route. Kunlong is at the junction of three countries. To the north lies the Kokang, to the south lie the famous Wa States, and a tongue of China pushes in between them to

within seven miles of Kunlong. The road the Youngs follow is in this tongue of China. We turned north the next morning and travelled two easy days journey to Low Kai the capital of Kokang.

The Kokang is Trans-Salween North Hsenwi State. It is the Chinese inhabited part of North Hsenwi State. It is the only part of the Northern Shan States where the famous white poppy is still planted. It is famous for its loyalty, its mules, its opium, and its lack of water. The villages along the road each had their buffalo wallow to drink from. One pond happened along just as one of our men was seized with an uncontrollable thirst. Although three buffaloes, four pigs, and several children and ducks were all simultaneously wallowing in the water, he scooped up some in his hands. But when he got the odor close to his nose, even this Shan gentleman preferred to die of thirst.

The Kokang Myosa is the greatest in every way in North Hsenwi State. He is Chinese and an exceedingly able and high minded man. His brother received us with open arms and gave us the best site available for a hospital. By morning he had twenty-five Chinese villagers working at the levelling of ground; by the time I left he had a hundred working at once, and all the other villages along the mountain tops had received orders to furnish wooden posts, bamboos for the foundations of a mud wall, and thatch. The four Shan villages in the plain were ordered to arrive later and put up both the twelve-patient hospital and the doctor's home. Dr. Daniels was fortunate to be able to have with him Wycliffe, of whom I have been writing in the News, who will stay to help him during the first six months, and Low Woo one of my Shan evangelists who will stay until the buildings are up. Patients had begun to appear on our first afternoon and

were quite plentiful when I left. We are hoping that Dr. Daniels will go at the work with the real missionary spirit and make as much of a success of it as the graduate nurses have done with their little hospitals.

When we reached Hsenwi on our return, we turned south and up the Namyow valley towards Kunlong, walking up the mountain to our Lahu village work where we showed the villagers how to build a stone and cement storage tank to store their infinitesimal trickle of water on which they depend for existence. Now we hope nothing will prevent them from joining the Order of the Bath.

We are counting the days and almost the hours until Dr. Robin Krasu arrives to be associated with us in the work at Namkham.

Gordon S. Seagrave.

♦ ♦ ♦ Maymyo

One hundred and fifteen miles from Maymyo (sixty-three by railway, forty-eight by road, and four by a narrow pathway) is the Kachin village of Loi-Lap consisting of eight houses. During three years, three baptized believers—a man and his wife and his mother—carried on a weekly service there without the aid of preacher or missionary! All the villagers combined in erecting a thatch-roofed bamboo chapel fifteen by seventeen feet in area, and a number were awaiting an opportunity to confess their Lord and Saviour in baptism. As aids to worship the village possessed one hymn-book and one New Testament in the Kachin language. Only one of the inhabitants understood Burmese. The forgoing facts I learned by reports of two men whom I sent two months ago to investigate conditions obtaining there. Last week, in company with Saya Kya, a Shan preacher from Hsipaw, I visited the village and spent three memorable days. We received a wholehearted welcome. The five meetings were well attended and the



This is a photograph of a group of Burma Mission

instruction given was eagerly received. To my joy seventeen of the villagers and two strangers, who were visiting there at that time, were found, after individual questioning, to possess true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and were at their request, baptized by the writer. The artificial pool of water, in which they gladly confessed their Lord in His appointed ordinance, lay at the foot of a half-mile winding steep path, in a deep valley. In age the candidates varied from seventeen to seventy years. The man of seventy, like Mephibosheth, was lame on both his feet but one of the happiest appear-

ing men I have ever met. He was carried down into the water on the back of a friend, set down at my side and, after baptism, was in the same way carried to the shore. At a noon service, an account of the First Christian Church, at Jerusalem, was given in simple language and the hand of fellowship extended to the newly baptized and to the three who had started the work in that village. In the evening a church, called "The Trinity Kachin Baptist Church," of Loi-Lap, was organized with twenty-two constituent members. Two deacons, one of whom is to act as church-clerk, and a treasurer, were appointed and



Twenty-five years ago. How many can you name?

consecrated to their offices by the laying on of hands and prayer in the Burmese, Shan and Kachin languages. The Lord's Supper was observed and thus ended an unforgettable Sunday in the annals of that village and in the lives of all who participated in those services.

Before returning to Maymyo, I spent four days with the Immanuel Baptist Church of Namtu and two days with the Trinity Baptist Church at Lashio. They, say, 125 members of those two churches have comfortable and attractive houses of worship, energetic and intelligent pastors, a combined membership of, say, one

hundred and twenty-five, and are almost self-supporting. Both churches are blessed with some experienced, thoughtful, and consecrated men among their deacons and trustees, men whom it is a pure pleasure to hold fellowship with, and with choirs which contribute substantially to the attractiveness and helpfulness of the Sunday services. One notable weakness in the local churches of Burma is the strong disinclination of members to bring their church letters to unite with churches in new stations to which they have removed owing to the vicissitudes of employment, etc. Having their membership in places

other than where they reside, causes them to divide their contributions and service and thus weakens the finances and influence of the churches where they worship. Many of the churches are very remiss in the matter of holding business meetings and presenting the membership periodically, with details of receipts and expenses and with interesting records of the activities of the churches, for information and inspiration.

I am gratefully indebted to Rev. R. Cummings, Prof. Dickason, Brother Phelps and to Major Brookes, for their fraternal kindness in conducting service for me during the tour above outlined. Brethren pray for us.

Ernest Grigg.



My Word Shall Not Return Void

(Isa. 55:11)

*

Three days before Christmas. In a twenty-four-bed, men's ward of a large, metropolitan hospital, breakfast was being served. It was accompanied by the usual brewed-in-bulk tea, which was supplied, thrice a day, to patients who could drink it.

"Oh, how I would like to have a cup of *good*, hot coffee!" exclaimed a patient.

"Here, too!" agreed his next-bed neighbour. "The stuff that we can occasionally get here is anything but what it is alleged to be."

*

A few beds distant, the "padre" (so called, by his fellow-patients, because he owned, and used, the only Bible in the ward) overheard the conversation. He facetiously wondered whether or not the Master would approve the substitution of "hot coffee" for "cold water," in His statement quoted in Matthew 10:42. As he mused, the thought became an idea; the idea an obsession. Soon a very definite plan had evolved.

That afternoon, during the daily visiting period, the plan was gone over and perfected; the Hospital

Matron and the ward Sister gave hearty approval to it; and the "padre's" good wife was designated to make the preparations necessary to the successful operation of the plan.

*

Christmas morning. Breakfast in the ward was different. The aroma of *good*, hot coffee (with sugar and cream) replaced the acrid odor of brewed-in-bulk tea, for every patient who preferred the change. And every cup of coffee was accompanied by a small, white card, on which was neatly written the text, and reference, of Luke 2:11. Next day, the coffee cards bore the message of Isaiah 9:6. Then followed, in order, during Christmas week, John 3:16, John 8:12, John 10:10, Proverbs 3:5-6, Proverbs 4:18, and (on New Year day) 2nd Corinthians 5:17.

*

After the third card appeared, a young Roman Catholic patient hesitantly asked to borrow the "padre's" Bible, which was gladly loaned. Later, the owner learned that the borrower's object was to check up the accuracy of the scripture quotations on the cards. But, curiosity led to the reading and discussion of the contexts. Then a very elderly R. C. patient became interested, and soon the two inquirers requested the "padre" to secure for each of them a Bible exactly like his own. Although two great cities were searched, another such Bible could not be found. However, two copies of the same translation were obtained, and, when the elderly patient shortly afterward left the hospital, he proudly carried his own Bible, which he was reading daily.

*

Weeks afterward, the Sister of the ward sought the "padre," and told of having sent a set of the "coffee-cards" to an aged homeland friend, who had replied, telling of her joyful appreciation of the plan and the scripture messages. And before the

"padre" ceased to be a hospital patient, he learned that the original borrower of his Bible had renounced the religion of his childhood and youth, and was reveling in a new faith, and membership in a Protestant church.

*

The second of the two new Bibles remains in the hospital, as a gift to the Ward which was the scene of these experiences. Shall we not pray that it, too, may bring joy and peace to many an honest inquirer? For, truly, His word shall accomplish whatsoever He pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

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Notes from the Field Secretary

Our Mission has been much concerned by the attack of pneumonia which Dr. Robbins suffered this winter, but we were rejoiced to learn that he was improving so rapidly. Now again under dates of April 12 and 15 notes have arrived that Dr. Robbins has just had a major operation. The first notice states "he stood it very well and is in good condition." The second note three days later states: "Dr. Robbins is making good progress. There was a great amount of shock following the operation. He is sleeping fairly well and both Drs. Baldwin and Kingsry feel that the case is proceeding to their entire satisfaction." Dr. Howard's note suggested that he has grave doubts of Dr. Robbins recovering sufficiently for him to make the proposed trip to the Centenary Celebrations in South India, and Assam. That will be a great disappointment to them. We too had hoped he might be able to make Burma a call as a side trip to his program for India. No further news has come through to date and no news is taken for good news. We shall continue to pray for his complete restoration to health and hope that he and Mrs. Robbins may carry out his program for a trip to

India. We know that this whole experience must have been as difficult for Mrs. Robbins as for Dr. Robbins, and our prayers as a Mission shall not cease for them both until we know that all is well again.

❖ ❖ ❖

There are many bright spots and inspiring experiences which come to the Secretary of this great Mission. Your hearts would be thrilled if you could spend a couple of weeks with the Straits or Copes in the Chin Hills to see how the people have been responding to the Christian message. You would be stirred if you could see what Dr. Telford and his workers have been doing at Pangwai to build up a Station work that will minister to the various needs of that great district. If you were to go to Sadoway your sympathy would go out to that group of Chins and to the missionaries, who have been labouring along inspite of the discouraging prospect which faces them with regard to missionary or financial aid in the immediate future. Or if you were to drop into Mongnai you would be cheered by the spirit and vision of Dr. Ohn Shwe, wife, and co-workers, where that little group are carrying on the medical, educational and evangelistic work without further funds from the mission except some repair appropriation to secure the necessary equipment that will enable them to carry on. A visit to the Geises would show you how Kutkai has sprung up like a mushroom, almost over night. The enthusiasm of those people over the new Bible School and the marvelous growth of the Kachin work would bless your soul. I thank God for these evidences on every side which go a long way to counteract the effect of some other parts of our work.

Inspite of the fact that it is hard sometimes to avoid it temporarily, no Christian has any right to be pessimistic and cast down in spirit, because our vision and understanding

of things is limited. These are days of testing. It is always hard to be the messenger of bad news. It would be so much easier and happier on these tours as I check the accounts and review the work of an institution or field if I were able to say, "that is a fine piece of work. But don't you need a little more help for this or that? Put it up to the Reference Committee," or again when approached for help for splendid projects to be able to say, "Why, I am sure the Reference Committee will be only too ready to give you the added assistance, and I shall gladly back your request." Instead of that the poor Secretary has had to acknowledge with gladness so many splendid projects, and then caution with sadness that it is not likely funds can be found, and say — "but anyway, put it up to the Reference Committee." It is unkind to raise the hopes too high when there is so little prospect of fulfilling them. However, if funds are found, as sometimes they are unexpectedly, then increased disappointment is avoided, and unexpected joy takes its place.

Last week we received the cable "appointed Henzada Burman," that means a man (family?) for our Henzada Burma work. This week, May 29, we received another cable — "Accumulated deficit general 43,000 (dollars) Womans 14,000, receipts Churches again slightly reduced, outlook New Year not encouraging. Evaluation study readjustments must proceed vigorously, promptly — Burr Huntington."

Under date of February 11 you all received a long letter reviewing the whole situation up to date signed by Drs. Robbins, Lerrigo, Howard and Huntington. Every missionary ought to reread that letter and underscore the most important parts of it. Pages three and four in particular will reveal to you what is taking place and what it will mean to our Burma Mission. It is probable that the ap-

propriations as allotted in the March Reference Committee will have to be revised again in October. This is tragic after the adjustments made in March. A rereading of the general letter of April 1 sent out by the same group will further aid you to a full understanding of the situation. The Pre-Convention Forum in the "Watchman Examiner" also throws much light on some of the root causes of our present distress. But I especially recommend to you a rereading of the Board's letters under date of February 11 and April 1. I have two or three extra copies of these for the use of any who did not receive their copies. I wish that each of you could read the copy of Dr. Huntington's covering letter to the schedule of appropriations sent out, also a thirteen-page document he inclosed on "Some Reflections on Budget Policy."

I am afraid some of my fellow-workers will say our Secretary thinks of nothing but budgets. Appearance may justify such a misjudgment. I know that budgets are a vital part of the program which you and I have to carry on. But for that fact, budgets would lose all interest at once. This is one of the ways in which I can have a part with you in your work. It is my task to keep the Reference Committee informed as fully as possible concerning our whole field with its many units of work. It is with deep regret we are unable to respond to the many appeals for worthy projects. We are learning how to make bricks without straw, we should learn how to do it even joyfully if need be, for a Christian has no right to be pessimistic. More prayer and unselfish co-operation will command the blessing of God. Let us bear one another's burdens these days and so fulfill the law of love. Field Secretary.

"Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did, but what they intended."

— *Thoreau*.

Geis—Peter Wedding

A happy event took place in Bhamo, Saturday, 6th April, when Miss Peter and Mr. Geis were united in marriage.

The ceremony was held in the Kachin school chapel at 5 p.m. A semi-circle of ferns on graduated stands formed an effective background for the wedding party. Potted plants and cut flowers placed in the windows added a pleasing harmony of color. The decorating was in charge of Mrs. H. O. Wyatt.

A mixed quartet of Kachin and Karens sang two selections, accompanied by Saya Ma Dorothy Honest, organist. As the wedding march from "Lohengrin" was played the bride, attended by the writer, was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Dr. Wyatt.

Miss Peter was becomingly attired in a dress of white crepe, and carried a small bouquet. She wore an afternoon hat of panama in natural shade. Her attendant was dressed in powder blue net, and wore a hat of pink straw, the shade of which was repeated in the dress trimmings.

The marriage vows were read by Martin. At the close of the ceremony the wedding party signed the marriage register, and left the chapel as Mendelssohn's march was played.

A hundred guests were present at the reception on the lawn. English, Karen, Kachin, Burman and Indian friends expressed their congratulations and good wishes to the couple. Mrs. Wyatt graciously directed the serving of tea, sandwiches and cakes, assisted by members of the Bhamo Girl Guides. Mr. McGuire, deputy commissioner, proposed an appropriate toast to the bride and groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Geis went to Mandalay on a Flotilla steamer. From there they motored to Maymyo, and after a short visit arrived at their literally new home in Kutkai.

All of us in Bhamo district will continue to miss our fellow-worker,

but we are sincere in saying we rejoice in Kutkai's gain. Our best wishes will follow the Geises!

Mabel England.



Thonze

This has been a great vacation for us filled with Daily Vacation Bible Schools. We have had nineteen of them to date and the tabulated results have been twenty-eight converts baptized. We would have had more schools but our money ran out. Of course the total results are much greater than can be tabulated. Hundreds have heard the Word of God preached and explained by young life and old, by word of mouth and by a couple of weeks of living in the village.

The schools were managed and run entirely by boys from the Burmese seminary, the Bible Women assisted by two girls from the Woman's Bible School, and all the pastors and preachers took an active interest in them. A preacher was always on hand to preach to the adults who came near, and gave encouragement to the workers. However, much credit is due to them. It was the young workers themselves who did most effective work in the mornings and evenings. It was they who were able to win some old people that we had been trying to bring to a decision for years. One of the Bible Women in telling about it, said, "You have to really love people if you want to lead them to Christ, and they know whether you really do or not. "In telling about winning a blind woman seventy-two years of age, she said, "I used to pray for her with my hand in hers or with my hand on her shoulder. Christ put His hand out and touched the leper and that helped him to believe."

These young students were able to win not only boys of their own age, but grown up men. The villagers had great respect for them and I

heard no word of criticism against any of them or their behaviour. It meant a lot to these villages to come into contact with these well-behaved, Christ-minded young folks for a fortnight. It meant a lot to these young people to be watched by the whole village as an example. It was interesting to see the children imitating the peculiarities of the workers in this short time. How much it meant to these children of the schools to have real friends who cared for them and who tactfully taught them to comb their hair, to wash their faces, to take a bath, to say "Thank you," to be helpful at home, to be kind to each other, and to use clean language. Children soon know who their friends are. The parents often said that the children obeyed the workers better than their parents. There was usually a good deal of weeping when the last day came and the workers moved on to the next school.

We had four schools going at the same time for a while. They went on from the time the boys got back from the seminary till the Water-fest. I thought they needed a rest. But after a week, some of the boys came to me and wanted to know when and where they should begin again. They said they were tired of doing nothing. One Chin girl went out to stay for a week and stayed for a month, she liked it so well. A good many boys went out with me to visit the schools. One of them is going to the seminary this year as a result. He got a taste of Christian work and heard the call.

The reflex influences on the churches have been good. We got them to praying for the schools and the workers who were their own sons and daughters. Then when they came in for a rest, we had them give an account of their work at the Saturday Evening prayer meeting. It sounded like a minor edition of present day Acts of the Apostles as one after another told of prayers answered, of

obstacles overcome, of good attention to their message, of opposition melting into friendliness, of the joy they had in service, and of souls won to Christ. They did not say much about their own hardships which I know were many.

One Sunday morning, the pastor put on a Daily Vacation Bible School instead of his sermon. Well, it was a sermon all right. Perhaps it was more effective than the one the pastor would have preached. If pastors will use their young people, they will increase in spiritual stature and the church will grow too.

Then last night, at the last prayer meeting that they would be able to attend before going back to school, they were asked to tell of the thing they praised God most for during their vacation. It was for souls won in every case. They know now what a Christian is for: to win souls for Christ. They had learned how to preach to crowds of non-Christians. They had learned something of and the joy of leading folks to Christ by personal work.

Every Sunday we used as many of the boys as possible to preach in the different churches. The congregations were usually the gainers.

Every night for the last two weeks they have conducted by turns a prayer meeting in a different Christian home. They were well attended. In order to get the people who usually do not pray in public to pray, they put two or three of them on the program for each night and announced it in advance along with the leader and the subject. These keen-minded youngsters saw one thing that was needed here and set about to remedy it. I hope the pastor will keep it up. Oh yes; they prayed when called upon in every case.

The last Daily Vacation Bible School was put on by two Bible Women, and it was about as much of a success as the others. So our asso-

ciation Bible Woman and the one supported by the All Burma Burmese Woman's Society as a companion will likely put on some of them as they visit all the twelve churches of the Association, although they will not be *vacation* schools.

The medical work is very useful in getting into a village as well as a very welcome service to the sick. Each team has a medicine bag containing a box of epsom salts, a package of boracic acid for the eyes, a bottle of tincture of iodine, a bottle of castor oil for the babies, a vial of permanganate for a washing lotion and for snake bites, and a box of quinine for malaria. These are all harmless so long as they keep the iodine and permanganate on the outside of folks and they are instructed about that.

Perhaps some of you would like to know how much these schools cost. Outside of the salaries of the preachers, and pastors, and Bible Women (who would have to be paid in any case) the average cost is a little over Rs. 14 or five dollars. We used largely what the villagers had, as much bamboo as possible. For hand work the boys made paper fans with bamboo splints for frames. We stiffened them with pasteboard scraps furnished free by the Mission Press, and covered them with many coloured tracts also furnished by the Press. They also made clothes hangers or pegs to hang on the wall and were admonished to use them to hang up their clothes instead of leaving them to lie round. The girls learned sewing. Some of the women also took sewing lessons.

We always go to a village where we have Christians. It is the best way I know of to help the Christians by example and precept, and to preach the Gospel to the lost. Both the Christians and non-Christians see that Christians ought to be like and hear the word of God most of the day and some of the night.

I thank God for Miss Philips and Mr. Harrison who had the vision to see what this work would do for a village and for those who took part. I thank God for the willingness and enthusiasm with which our people have helped in the work. We thank God that He has set His seal on the work by blessing it with results in souls saved.
J. T. Latta.



Need for Renewing

God commands His people "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." (Rom. 12: 2.) The holiest and ripest saint of God will be the first to admit that he has scarcely begun to understand what words like that mean. We are so easily satisfied with ourselves. A really renewed mind would be a shock to most of us. There is yet so much of the Pharisee about us. The Lord called the Pharisees of His day hypocrites, not quite in the same sense in which we use the word hypocrite, the man who sets out to deceive other people, but rather in the sense of a man who deceives himself.
J. Russell Howden.



Mobilization on the Namkham Border

The last girl to enter the Training School has just recently arrived from Kengtung and we are well started with the largest class we have ever had. Gordon has taken twelve girls this year which equals a double class, thereby trying to make the teaching a little easier for Dr. Krasu when we go on furlough next year. They represent the Shan, Kachin, Karen, Taungthu and Burmese races though they all come from the Shan States and Kachin Hills. If we only had a Chinese girl we would feel that the class was quite complete.

Several months ago we decided that it would be to the advantage of the countryside if the nurses all learned to ride bicycles. They could then ride out on cases where the car cannot go and save a great deal of time. The hospital had one bicycle and we bought two more second hand.

Every evening a group of nurses would take their recreation by riding the bicycles. It kept one man pretty busy repairing the bicycles but after a couple of weeks some of the girls became very clever at riding—two of them even attempting to coast down the steep hill in front of the Government bungalow.

On the last day of April we took our graduating class into Lashio for the examinations in Nursing and Midwifery and are happy to say that they all passed in all subjects with colours more or less flying. All have good positions for the coming year and we could have placed a couple more. For the first time the graduate nurses in the Harper Memorial are both Shans. It is a situation that we have been looking forward to and working for ever since the Training School was started. Up to date we have had to use Kachins and Karens. These two girls have been trained here and also understand the customs and languages of these people. They are both exceedingly capable girls.

The new cobblestone church building is almost ready for the roof. Our goal has been to get the roof on before the rains set in. It will be only a thatch roof as there is not yet money enough for anything else. This church is being built by the people and a good deal of the labor has been volunteer. Some of our teachers worked for almost the whole of their vacation doing coolie labor and almost everyone including nurses, school children, teachers and villagers have taken turns loading stone, sand and gravel and pounding brick. It has all been lots of fun but I think every one is getting a little weary especially my husband who has had to do all the driving of the lorry.

We boast of having, among the nurses, the best Woman's Baseball team in Burma and hereby challenge any other group soever to a world series for Burma.

Marion M. Seagrave.

Bana

During the last rains, we looked forward to the coming dry season with grave apprehension. The previous dry season had been something of a nightmare with robber bands pillaging on all sides and sending frequent threats of attack to the mission. Threats continued and increased during the rains, and because of the circumstances that obtained, we feared that the robbers would wax stronger during the coming dry months and would give us more anxiety than before. At the close of the rains a small band of robbers did make advances toward Bana, but a large band of husky Lahu men, rallied by the local Chinese captain, went after the robbers and gave them such severe punishment that the few who escaped fled to far places. That evidently gave other robber bands something to think about. Then, the English stationed a strong troop of soldiers next to the border, consequently plundering just across the border in Burman territory, so popular with Chinese robbers last year, lost its attraction. Now, as the dry season draws to a close, we are able to say with thanksgiving that at Bana and throughout the district of which it is a part we have enjoyed unusual peace and quiet.

The same favorable condition has not obtained in the northern part of our field, however, and it is with heavy hearts that we listen to the reports of conditions there. In Shan Kai Shin banditry still goes unchecked. The rulers won't do anything about it; the good people, apparently, can't do anything about it. The Christians as well as practically the whole Lahu population live in constant terror, not even daring to sleep in their villages at night, but seeking safety in the jungles. Some whose homes were burned last year were finally able to put up new dwellings of a kind, but it was only to see

them, too, reduced to ashes by the voracious villainy of bandits. Our Karen teachers stationed in Shan Kai Shin and a few others have written asking that their wives and children be allowed to live at some safer place for a time, though they, themselves, are willing to remain to do what they can to keep up the courage and faith of the Christians.

With the exception of our trip to Kengtung (about which I expect to write at least briefly), Vincent and I have stayed very close to Bana all this dry season. Because of last year's difficulties with robbers, persecutions, and unfriendly officials, Vincent was asked to restrict his touring as much as possible. Accordingly, he decided to devote most of the months usually given to touring to Wa translation of the New Testament. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark were practically completed during the rains; John, the year before; and the work during these dry months has added Luke and Acts to the group; so the Was are beginning to have a literature.

Now, for a few paragraphs about our trip to Kengtung. We did not look forward to traveling in April and May, for we expected it to be hot—and it was—and stormy—but it wasn't, not while we were on the road. After our first few days of travel, I decided that the most salient features of our trip were to be dust, heat, and horse flies; but other aspects of our trip and visit proved to be so very enjoyable that these slightly unpleasant things took a very negligible place. The trip on the whole (eleven days of travel in all) was the most pleasant I have ever made by pony. For two of the days going and two days coming back, we followed the Nam Lwe river, and camping on its banks, had ready access to its cool waters. We passed through many interesting stretches of jungle, beautiful even at this dry time of year.

To some visitors, Kengtung must seem verily one of the ends of the earth and a very primitive place, indeed. To us, it was like getting back into the world again. We saw ox carts, bicycles, busses, and motor cars; we saw some buildings that looked very modern; we visited little shops where an astounding variety of articles could be purchased; and, best of all, we saw white faces and talked English with scores of people. During our stay in Kengtung and Pang Wai, we enjoyed the companionship of seven other missionaries—the doctor and his twin brother (their wives and children were in Taunggyi), Dr. and Mrs. Telford, Dr. Chaney, Mr. Weeks, and Mr. Hinton. It was a rare treat. The days were full ones. There were conferences with our Field Secretary and others, there were many things to see (including an interesting leper colony), and there was much bazaaring to do. I spent not a little of my time filling my medical quiver with arrows from Dr. Buker's store of wisdom. The longer I stay out here and the more I try to treat sick people, the more I find there is that I don't know; and if there is a doctor around, I become a sort of interminable interrogation.

It was a real pleasure to get away for a short time for a visit with other missionaries; and it was interesting to see something of the work others are doing. We saw many evidences of healthy activity and progress; and have returned to Bana with the desire to do more for our hill people. The desire is perhaps stronger than it has ever been before, the means for realizing the desire seem less, for in Kengtung we learned of another severe cut this year in our appropriations. How can we get through this year? Humanly, it seems impossible, but with God all things are possible. We are hopeful of at least some little advance toward self-support in the Wa country, but among the Lahus, the outlook is not encouraging. What

cheers us is the continued responsiveness of these hill people to the Gospel message. We dare not fail them. But we need more money; we need more missionaries (how sorely we need them!); we need more of the Spirit of God. Many are facing some of the same problems that we are facing, we know; but we want you to remember the Lahus and Was of the border country, and pray that God will help us to take advantage of the great opportunities here for Christian conquest.

Vera Young.



Three Months Travel and Work

It has been a fruitful three months since last we wrote to the News. This year the mothers went with the children to Taunggyi when the American School opened. While the mothers remained during the 'hot' season at Taunggyi the fathers held the fort in Kengtung. We were able to go together for ten days on an out-station inspection. When we reached the border of Siam we slipped down for two nights on a visit to our missionary neighbors in Chiengrai. From there the doctor returned to Kengtung and the preacher plunged further into the jungle.

On this tour, a sort of impromptu program was arranged whereby we presented a *pwe* at the various villages. Eight times this *pwe* of entertainment and testimonies was given before a total of some nine hundred non-Christian Shans. We had baptisms on the border of Siam and on the border of China. Eighteen Shans in this way joined the forces of Jesus Christ. Arrangements were pushed whereby we hope that by next year we shall have five of our Shan houses completed and ready for occupation whenever we have the opportunity.

Just before starting on tour we added two pongyis to our Christian forces. One, a Burman, was born in Pyinmana and since the war has

spent some fourteen years as pongyi, much of the time in Mandalay. A few years ago he came to the Shan States. The other man, a Mon, has been a pongyi of the higher rank for thirty-one years. Born and educated in Moulmein he spent many years in Mandalay and travel. A year ago he arrived in Kengtung. Through Burmese literature and through the teachings of some of our workers trained in lower Burma he has found the way of salvation for which he has been seeking. As I write to-day he is out in a nearby village calling an ex-pongyi, a Taungthu, who has asked to become a Christian. They tell me of two more pongyis who are now out somewhere seeking money in order that they may exchange their yellow robes for civilian's. Upon my return from tour two Chinese came asking for baptism. They plan to return to China before the rains and they wish to testify and preach about Christ to their relatives in their Chinese village home. Next Sunday we plan another baptism for several Shan candidates who have been waiting to take this step. Truly we feel that "the Lord is adding to the church."

The last of March a group of twenty-five lepers were sent from our central colony to form a colony near the Chinese border in order to serve the sick ones in that area and across in the Bana field. A letter arrived this week saying that the new colony had grown to fifty-five in number. Thus this work grows in usefulness.

The month of April found Dr. Chaney, Mr. Weeks, and Mr. Hinton from lower Burma with Vincent and Vera Young from Yunnan in our midst. If the conferences had not been so rushed we would have considered our privileges very great indeed. As it was we barely glimpsed each other and parted.

Now we press on to a rainy season program of touring, training and healing.

The Buker Twins.

Sandoway

On April 27th we left Sandoway by bus to go to Gangawtaung, a village about fifty miles south. The party consisted of Sayama Ma Hanna, Sayama Ma Wah U, a group of Sandoway young people to help in the Daily Vacation Bible School, the writer, and her daughter. The bus was a dilapidated one, and had to stop for frequent repairs. Two rivers had to be ferried over, and the trip took ten hours. We are all glad when we reached the village. We found that a new school had just been built; in fact the carpenters had left only the day before, and so we had a good place for our school during the next ten days.

At seven o'clock Monday morning when the gong sounded, the boys and girls came from all parts of the village. Some people told us that not many would come. The weather was too hot, the children had to help at home, the non-Christian parents would keep their children at home, were some of the reasons given for not expecting many children. The first morning there were fifty-six children; and the average attendance was about fifty. They were divided into three classes. The idea of forming into lines, of going up into the school in an orderly fashion, and of sitting in rows was new to many of them; but it did not take them long to learn. Every morning from seven to nine the children were taught songs and Bible stories. It was thought best not to have any handwork, but each day pictures and a little paste were given to the children. Now, many of the houses have Bible pictures pasted on the walls, and they help to keep the stories in the minds of the children.

The adults were pleased to have the school for the children, but they wanted some teaching also. Nearly every day at noon, the women came together, and we tried to give them things that would help them in their

daily lives. Some asked that we teach them how to pray, and to take part in their meetings.

In the evenings the children went out to a near-by field for games, and most of the village turned out to watch them. It is a question who enjoyed the games most, the children playing, or the older folks watching them.

After dinner each night prayer meetings were held in the homes, and the Christians were urged to have daily family worship. The second Sunday evening, two days before we left the village, sixteen young people were baptized.

We would like to have had more than ten days for the school, but even that short time was worth while. Sayama Ma Hanna's love for the children, her efficient leadership of and influence upon the young people who helped in the school, her ability to make friends, with the people, and to help them solve their problems will long be remembered.

On May 22, Mg Ba Chit, who has had four years at Judson College, and passed with second class honours, was married to Sayama Ma Shwe Lone, one of the teachers in our A. V. School. Both of them will teach this year, and we hope that Mg Ba Chit will want to continue to work for and with the Chins, his own people.

The monsoon has broken, and so the steamers have stopped calling at Andrews Bay. That means that we are more cut off from the rest of Burma than at other times.

School will open in a few days, and we hope to see a larger number of Chins than before. We ask that you continue to remember the Chin people in your prayers.

Mrs. Sidney V. Hollingworth.



"Saintliness is impossible to none, where the grace of God is allowed to work freely and thoroughly."

Dr. J. R. Miller.

Field Secretary's Travel Record
(Contd. from October News)

The Chin Hilis (Tiddim, Falam, Haka)

1935.		
Nov.	22	Left Rangoon.
Jan.	9	Return to Rangoon.
"		Stops made at Nyaunglebin, Tougoo, Meiktila, Sagaing, Mandalay. It is a two-weeks trip one way from Rangoon to Haka and longer <i>via</i> Tiddim.
Feb.	4	Leave for Bassein.
"	7	Return to Henzada.
"	8	Arrive Rangoon.
"	18	Leave for Shwegyin.
"	20	Return to Rangoon.
Mar.	1	Leave for Tougoo.
"	2	Return to Rangoon.
"	8	To Sandoway by air.
"	15	Returned by boat.
April	10	Leave Rangoon.
"	11	Kalaw.
"	12	Loilem.
"	13—15	Kutkai.
"	15—17	Namkham.
"	17—18	Kutkai.
"	19	Loilem.
"	20—21	Mongnai.
"	22	Leave Loilem.
"	24—25	Kengtung.
"	26—29	Pangwai.
"	29—30	Kengtung.
May	1	Leave Kengtung.
"	3	Arrive Loilem.
"	4—5	Taunggyi.
"	6—7	Loikaw.
"	8—9	Taunggyi.
"	10	Arrive Kalaw.
"	13	Leave Kalaw.
"	15	Arrive Rangoon.

This is merely a record of dates and places, but what a story it would make if it were written up. Some of it is preserved in reports to the Reference Committee. I wish you could all share those reports with the Reference Committee.

This past year I have travelled by about every method of modern conveyance there is from shanks pony, ox-cart, dugout, motor, rail and air. In all I have been 147 days on the road this past year, over one-third the time. Myitkyina, Bhamo, Maymyo and Pyapon are the only stations I have not visited this year. I shall hope to visit these places this com-

ing year, but will have to curtail the amount of travel for the coming year, both because my funds have been cut, and also because of work here.

As I review the past year's travel and work I feel greatly indebted to you all for the welcome and the assistance so readily given me in my various tasks. I thank you again.

C. E. Chaney.



Notice

An Ordination Council, called by the Taunggyi Church to consider the propriety of ordaining to the Christian ministry Saya Dwe Myat, met in Taunggyi on the 21st of April, 1935, and after examining him in respect to his Christian experience, call to the ministry, and view of Christian doctrine, and being agreed as to his fitness for the office, ordained him as a minister of the Gospel.

U Po, Oh,

Secretary.

W. E. Wiatt,

Chairman.



New Rates

New rates of income-tax effective April 1, 1935 are as follows:

	Per Rupee Per Year.
Less than Rs. 1,000	Nil.
1,000 to 1,499	1 1/3 pies.
1,500 to 1,999	2 2/3 pies.
2,000 to 4,999	6 pies + 1/6 surcharge.
5,000 to 9,999	9 pies + 1/6 surcharge.
10,000 to 14,999	1 anna + 1/6 surcharge.

O. A. Hastings,
Mission Treasurer.



Medical Examination for Mission School Children

I will examine school children at the same rate as last year, namely 8 as. per pupil, or Rs. 50 per day, plus return travelling expenses from Rangoon. If you would like to have your school done kindly let me know by the 12th of June, together with the dates on which you can have me come. I shall probably be starting my trip the third week in June.

A. B. Grey.



Arrived

On May 28th, from U. S. A. and England by S. S. *Elenga*, Dr. and Mrs. J. Russel Andrus and Zola Belle.

At Moulmein, May 28, Miss C. E. Hessel-tine, on S. S. *Quala* from Penang and Pres. Hayes from San Francisco.

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